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"I AM AS GOOD AS HE."

THIS is a form of phrase often used, and in some circumstances it is entitled to approval as a mark of spirit or of a just self-respect. Where one is unjustly undervalued, or slighted, though it may be by a person superior in worldly consideration, to entertain and express this sentiment seems quite legitimate, for it is only a natural expression of indignation in such circumstances. But the phrase is also used not unfrequently without such provocation, and as a mere burst of unregulated self-esteem. It is often used where a candid bystander, if willing to expose himself to the consequences, might very justly remark—"Well, I don't think you are by any means as good as he." This would probably make Self-Esteem look for an instant somewhat blank, and then break forth in a stream of vengeful abuse. Yet it might be quite true. In cases such as we have in view, an intense self-appreciation blinds the individual to the real nature of his own qualifications, as well as those of his fellow-creatures. Nature has probably given him no superior qualities of intellect, but she has given him an amount of the faculty of self-esteem, which makes him think himself either possessed of those qualities, or as good without them as others are with them. He is therefore not content to admire the really superior endowment, as most of his fellow-creatures are; he deems such presumed superiority an insult or grievance to himself, and out comes the natural language of a sentiment overpowering all consideration of how the case really stands—"*I* am as good as *he*." We shall also suppose such a person to have attained a position in the social scale by no means equal to his idea of his own importance, while some other person, particularly under his notice, has reached a higher point. Here, too, he stops not to consider how far that other person has been indebted to his superior qualifications for his better place; how far his promotion has been merely the effect of society reposing confidence in him, as a consequence of long trial of his abilities and worth, or any other of those circumstances which contribute to bring men into prominent situations. Piqued by the promptings of a restless and insatiable self-esteem, he only can form the idea—"I am as good as he." Now, in such cases, the one is *not* as good as the other. He is under an entire delusion in thinking himself so. He is a man with the stamp of *ordinary* upon him, ineffaceable. He is not prepossessing in any way. He is very well in his own appropriately ordinary place, but would only be ridiculous out of it, and is so in supposing himself fit for any better. Nobody cares in the least about him, except to be angry with him when he annoys them with his self-esteem. In saying "I am as good as he," he puts himself entirely out of concord with the world and the whole system of things, for the world thinks otherwise, and it is his duty to think so too, if he knew it. This may appear a trifling matter in a single supposed instance; but it is in reality a somewhat serious thing for a man to be all his life in a state in which his qualifications and social position are inharmonious with his own estimate of himself. Every day of his life, he must feel pain from the sense of being unjustly under-esteemed and under-placed. Every advancement of a neighbour over himself must be to him as gall and wormwood. He will at length become replete with morbid feeling, and will pass his life in a constant state of subacid mortification and wretchedness.

We would, then, endeavour to impress the fact that, when a man cries out "I am as good as he," he is not necessarily to be presumed to be in a right and justifiable mood of mind. He may be only hurting himself by kicking against a natural ordinance which no kicking of his would ever affect or alter in the slightest degree. Men are not only not all equal, but they are all *unequal*; and a subordination amongst them is as truly a decree of Providence as is the mutual attraction of masses of matter, in proportion to their various volumes and their distances from each other. The little heads can no more resist the big heads in this lower world, than can empty waggons resist full ones coming with equal speed against them on a railway. Nature designs each to take his place under each, according to his congenital and acquired gifts; and this is in truth the first basis of social grades and distinctions of all kinds, every thing else being but a modification brought about by the not always rational efficacy of certain sentiments in human nature. And, while thus decreeing different qualifications and different consequent positions, she has been equally careful to implant a sentiment by which, in general cases, superior qualification and superior position produce respect in those gifted and placed inferiorly. This is a sentiment directly the opposite of self-esteem. While the latter excites ideas of our own importance, the sentiment of veneration, as it has been very appropriately called, raises notions of the importance of others. It has its abuses, as its contrary has; but its legitimate function is to create a feeling of respect and deference for whatever is presumed to be superior. Man thus carries in his nature a disposition to look up to what is above him, to yield way and honour to it, to follow its counsel and leadership, and to rest content in being under it. Each is thus kept in his proper place, according to the general extent of his qualifications, and society becomes a chain in which all are mutually connected, and all mutually aiding towards a general purpose. Without this cohesive principle there could be no such thing as society, for every man would refuse to obey another, and no man would be doing the duty for which he was qualified. There could only in such a case be a few independent savages, who would walk the earth in freedom, but also in a state of remarkable exemption from comfort of every kind.

If it be true, as here assumed, that there is a faculty in our mental constitution for the feeling of deference to what is superior, it must be evident that to yield this deference within a rational extent is only fulfilling one of the ends of Providence. It is to be remarked, that nature does not confer on each mind an amount of either the feeling of self-esteem or that of deference exactly appropriate to the qualifications of the individual; but she has placed each man under the influence, to a certain extent, of his neighbours, and thus enables us all to have something like a fair standard of conduct in view, for the correction of errant tendencies. If the man whose self-esteem exceeds his veneration were to look carefully into society, he would obtain abundant hints for his improvement, for he would every where hear ungrounded pretensions ridiculed, and see how good and beautiful a thing it is to give honour where honour is due. Self-esteem is a very important faculty in our nature, elevating us as it does above mean and unworthy actions, and giving us confidence in the powers we really do possess, so as to exert them efficiently in the business of life. But it is liable to great errors, in as far as it prompts to pride, and, when unchecked by the opposite feeling, to contempt for others. In a well-balanced mind, it is found quite possible at once to have a rational self-respect, and a due degree of reverence for whatever is above ourselves in abilities, virtue, or social position. The latter feeling is as natural as the other; it is as just with regard to the highest standards of our conduct; and a man may therefore entertain it with as perfect a regard to his own dignity, at least as a human being, if not also as a man of the world, as he may entertain the other.

The question still remains—what ought to be considered as superior? We would say, in answer, that individuals generally feel instinctively, and that through the medium of the sentiment of veneration itself, what is superior to themselves. The man of a certain intellectual power, or of a certain amount of learning, skill, or acquired wisdom, naturally awakes a sentiment of reverence in those who are beneath him in any of these respects, unless when their self-esteem interferes to prevent it, or to stir up a contrary feeling. What we say is, that the interference in question should be checked, and veneration allowed its free play, within the bounds which reason assigns to it. High function and office also naturally command deference. We consider, in such a case, that there would probably be natural qualities of a superior order, where such high function or office was attained to; and we further regard the office itself as a thing of consequence, in which the functionary partakes. It may be said that all the arrangements connected, for example, with a judge, are of a kind calculated to excite deference; and deference is unavoidably felt towards a judge, by all who are not so near his level as to entertain a familiar idea respecting him. Every important official, whether appointed by one, by few, or by the many, has a similar command over the respect of those who are not too familiar with his character and circumstances, or who are not themselves superior, for there must be a social consent of some kind to the means by which every official is appointed. Function derived from birth, hereditary rank, and wealth, exercise more dubious influence over the reverence of men. There is unquestionably a disposition to venerate what is far descended: the very idea of the old-established social order in which such pretensions have their origin, and of the power which they have long given, commands a kind of awe. As for wealth, in particular, the influence which it creates in its possessor, would be sufficient in itself to draw a certain amount of respect. But reverence for these things by no means stands on the same footing with a regard for superior natural endowments, or high and important functions attained by virtue of natural qualifications. They depend on secondary sources of esteem, and the feeling of subordination will in their case be ruled much by a regard for custom, and other inferior motives. We have only further to remark some domestic positions which command deference, as that of a parent, or other elder relative, with regard to the young—that of a master with regard to his servants—and that of the head of a house with respect to all living in it. These, and all other protective situations, call for a kind of veneration from the appropriate persons, with all the authority of the voice of nature. Disrespect in such cases shocks and offends all ordinarily constituted minds. Old age has also a natural claim upon the respect of mankind; and this respect is rarely refused.

To recapitulate—it appears to us that, while there is an inequality of natural endowment in men, there is also a sentiment charged with the duty or office of causing the inferiorly to look up to the superiorly endowed. While there is also a great inequality in the functions and characters under which men appear in society, the same faculty is commissioned to make each of them an authority over others, and the whole a compact and harmonious mass. Looking upon these as amongst the institutions of nature, we would say

that reason calls upon us to pay a due deference to able and good men, and to all rationally constituted authorities. While reason makes this call, she is herself called upon to judge what is really superior and entitled to esteem, and by her dictates we are bound in the last resort to abide. On the other hand, it appears to us that a proud, scoffing, defying, insubordinate spirit, whether with reference to the affairs of the private circle or to public affairs, only shows a wrong state of the feelings, and exposes him who is guilty of it to ridicule and blame.

EVIL COMMUNICATION CORRUPTS GOOD MANNERS.

"THAT man has dropt his handkerchief," said little George Lock, advancing at the same moment with the intention of picking it up, and restoring it to the owner; but before he could reach it, James Mercer, one of the boys with whom he was playing, had already possessed himself of the article in question. "What a nice one!" said he; "what shall we do with it?" "Give it back to the man," said John Robertson; "it is not yours." "Nor yours either," said James Mercer; "I shall do what I like with it, without asking your leave." "George has more right to it than you," answered Robertson; "he saw it first." "I don't want it," said George. "You shall go shares with me, George," said Mercer; "I know where I can get a shilling for it, and you shall have sixpence out of it."

George Lock had not coveted the handkerchief; he could make no use of it in play, and any other purpose for it did not occur to him; but the idea of the sixpence dazzled his imagination. He had never been master of a larger sum than a penny, and the possessor of a real *bona fide* silver sixpence had always appeared to him a Cœsus—a person rolling in wealth—one who could satisfy all his desires, and still have something to spare. He had a secret consciousness that none of them had any right to the handkerchief, but he was not inclined to investigate the matter too seriously. The deviation from the straight line of rectitude appeared small, whilst the prize to be gained by it was immense; so, with an eager countenance and a swelling heart, he followed Mercer to the shop of a certain pawnbroker called Perkins, who, without hesitation, handed over the sum demanded, and little George found himself in possession of the much-desired sixpence. But no sooner was this point attained, than George discovered that, like other anticipated objects, it did not bring the fulness of satisfaction he had expected—there was a heaven beyond; to enter a shop, inquire for something he wanted, throw down his sixpence, and ask for change. The idea was magnificent; and George hastened to the nearest green-grocer's to put it in action. "A penn'orth of apples, if you please," said he, as he entered the shop, conscious of an importance he had never before known; adding, as he threw down his sixpence, "have you any change?" The master of the apples examined his till—found he had just parted with his last fivepence to a boy who came on the same errand; and telling George to wait a minute, he dispatched his little girl to a neighbour's for "a shilling's worth of coppers."

During this short interval, a man entered the shop with a hasty step, and inquired of the green-grocer if he had heard of any person having found a yellow India silk handkerchief.

"No, I have not," replied the grocer; "have you lost one?"

"Yes," answered the man; "it must have been taken out of my pocket, or dropt out of it, not half an hour ago, some where in this neighbourhood. It was quite a new one, and I wouldn't lose it for twice its value."

"It's not very likely you'll see it again," responded the grocer; "this is not an over-good neighbourhood; there are always a parcel of idle boys playing about the streets ready to snap up any thing that falls in their way."

"It's very provoking—very provoking, indeed!" said the man; "the handkerchief was only given to me yesterday, and this is the very first time I ever put it in my pocket."

By this time, the girl having returned with the change, the grocer laid fivepence on the counter for George, and pushed it towards him. George, who, when he entered the shop, had felt himself too big for an empire, might now have crept into a nutshell; he stretched out his hand in a hesitating manner, took up the money as if it burned his fingers, and sneaked out of the shop. Where was the pleasure now? He put three of the apples in his pocket, and walked along munching the other, in a very uncomfortable state of mind. It was not exactly fear—for the handkerchief having been sold to Mr Perkins, appeared to him far out of the reach of the owner, and altogether irrecoverable; it was rather conscience—that conscience which had been laid asleep by the magnitude of the temptation, but which was now newly awakened and restored to its influence by the lamentations of the injured party.

In the mean time the owner of the handkerchief, who, for special reasons of his own, set a particular value on the article, was not disposed to resign his search in a hurry. He went about inquiring of this person and that person, till at last he met with John Robertson, from whom he learnt the name of the boys who had picked it up, and of the person they had sold it to. To Mr Perkins's shop, therefore, he hastened, not doubting to recover it; but, unfortunately, a stranger who had been present when the handkerchief was brought, had immediately offered half-a-crown for it; and Mr Perkins, who, by the boys' omitting to ask for a ticket, guessed something like the truth, thought it as well to get it off his hands, and accepted the offer. Who the purchaser was, or in what direction to be found, he could not tell.

It is extremely probable that if the man could have got back his handkerchief by paying a shilling, the joy of its recovery would have appeased his wrath, and he might have gone on his way without further pursuit of the culprits; but on finding it irrecoverable, he became furious—summoned a policeman, hunted out the boys, and, deaf to their entreaties or their mothers' prayers, dragged them before a magistrate, who sentenced them to a week's confinement in the house of correction.

James Mercer had never been in such a situation before; but he was a hardened boy, and did not care very much about it. George Lock, on the contrary, was a very sensitive child, and the whole thing to him was terrific. At first, he was shut up alone; but as he cried for two days without ceasing, and would eat nothing, he was removed into an apartment with some other prisoners; and here his tears were soon dried. He heard his error, which he had begun to look upon as enormous, not only pronounced venial, but highly commendable; he heard the authorities before whom he had stood to be judged, and who had struck such terror into his soul, turned into the utmost ridicule; and he found that the company into which he had fallen, who appeared very merry entertaining fellows, and who made him laugh till his sides were ready to split, were all in the habit of gaining a livelihood by practices much worse than he had been guilty of, and were so far from feeling remorse, or purposing reformation themselves, that they strongly advised him to join their fraternity, and revenge himself on society by turning against the law that had treated him so harshly. A new world was thus opened to George; and, with his susceptibility to impressions, four days of this sort of tuition did wonders; more especially as, when he was released, there was nothing done to counteract its effects—effects which were neither understood nor suspected. His mother was a poor industrious honest woman, but naturally unenlightened. She had scolded the child for his fault, without reflecting that he was too uninstructed to be aware of its nature or consequences; and when he was condemned to expiate it by a week's confinement, she thought him more than sufficiently punished, which he certainly was; but she thought, also, that a punishment so severe must be likewise remedial, which it was not. She therefore took it for granted, that, to make him do right for the future, she had only to hold up *in terrorem* before him another visit to the house of correction, and that if this weapon failed, the child must be naturally depraved, and all others being weaker, would of course be inefficient. But this was a fatal error. The visit to the house of correction, after the first two days, had been no punishment, and the lessons he had imbibed there had been any thing but beneficial; whilst the impressions then received might have been effaced by judicious applications early administered. But these were neglected, and George's mind was left as unenlightened with respect to the moral laws, their foundations, or their benefits, as he was before. If his mother told him certain practices were wrong, his prison acquaintances took the other side of the question, and George inclined to the opinion which allowed him most pleasure and immediate indulgences.

Mrs Lock was a laundress; and one of the first crimes to which George's evil associates prompted him, was to purloin some of the linen with which she was intrusted. This was pawned, and the money spent in gambling and vicious amusements, whilst the produce of the poor mother's week's labour was sacrificed to redeem her employer's property. This was too tempting a mode of raising supplies not to be repeated; and when Mrs Lock saw her own danger, as well as the boy's, she made various attempts to get him employment from home, but to no purpose. George Lock was known to have been in the house of correction, which properly enough was looked upon as the house of corruption. Nobody would have any thing to do with him; and as his mother could not turn him out of doors, she continued to be the victim of his depredations; losing her customers, and becoming daily poorer.

George Lock had one sister, a girl some few years older than himself, called Mary; an amiable, pretty young woman, of whom he was very fond. She earned her livelihood as under-laundress in the family of a gentleman of fortune, and bore an unimpeached character. George sometimes visited his sister; but, lewd as he was, he was too fond and proud of her to do any thing that might have brought her into danger or trouble; and although it was impossible to have access into the house of her master without often seeing articles lying in his way which he felt a considerable inclination to appropriate, yet for her sake he always withstood the temptation.

Amongst the acquaintances George had formed, was one called William Wylie, a young man who was engaged as a subordinate clerk in a mercantile house, and who had as yet done nothing to forfeit the confidence of his employers; but he had a nascent taste for gambling, which promised, if not early repressed, to lead him into trouble. It was this propensity which had brought him into contact with George, whom, their spheres of life being somewhat apart, he would otherwise probably never have known. It happened that one Sunday afternoon, as George was on his way to visit his sister, he fell in with Wylie, and they walked on together till they reached the door, at which, as ill fortune would have it, was standing Mary Lock. "What a pretty girl!" exclaimed Wylie, as they approached. "I fancy she is," replied George, proud of exhibiting Mary's handsome person and neat attire to his *genteel* friend. "You know her?" added Wylie, perceiving the smiles that were beginning to illumine Mary's countenance at the sight of her brother. "I fancy I do," answered George; "she's only my sister." "The deuce she is! introduce me," said Wylie. The introduction was followed by an invitation to walk in; from this grew an intimacy, and from the intimacy sprung an attachment that sunk deep into Mary's young heart; an attachment not to be wondered at, for Wylie was handsome, well-dressed, and with manners and education much superior to the rest of the poor girl's acquaintances. Wylie was sincerely in love too; and as Mary was a good girl, and her influence over him, consequently, of a beneficial nature, his progress towards evil was arrested, and his intimacy with George's companions declined. "I have good news for you, Mary," said he, one evening; "the senior clerk in our house is about to retire, which will give us all a rise. My salary is to be fifty pounds a-year; and as you know something of dress-making, I think we might begin upon that, and venture to marry at once." Mary thought so too, for fifty pounds a-year appeared to her a very handsome income; and, aided by her own industry, she did not doubt but they would get on capitally. No difficulties, therefore, were made on her side; and as for poor Mrs Lock, she was delighted at the prospect of seeing her daughter so well disposed of; whilst George took infinite credit to himself for having brought about the intimacy.

"You see, mother," said he, "you and Mary need not turn up your noses at my acquaintances as you do; if it had not been for me, you'd never have had such a son-in-law as Wylie, nor she such a husband."

"That's true, George," replied Mrs Lock; "and I wish all your acquaintances were as respectable and steady as he is; all I wonder is, that he ever had any thing to say to you; and I shall never be happy till the wedding's over, for fear you should do something that might break it off."

George promised he would not; but bad habits are not easily interrupted or laid aside, even for a short period, where evil associates are always at one's elbow; and although George would not for the world have done any thing deliberately to injure his sister, he ran the risk of doing it every hour, by continuing to lead much the same life as he had done before.

At length the day was fixed, and every thing arranged for the wedding. Mary had quitted her situation, and had taken up her residence with her mother at the expiration of the previous half year, and had employed the interval in preparing a suitable marriage outfit for herself, and endeavouring to form a little connexion in the dress-making line against the time when she should be regularly established as Mrs Wylie. Amongst the persons who gave her employment, was the wife of a neighbouring tradesman, called Strahan, who had intrusted her with several yards of very handsome silk to make a dress, which was to be worn on a particular occasion, and with it a pattern dress by which the new one was to be cut. As this lady's custom was likely to be valuable to her, and her being intrusted with such costly materials might tend to bring her further business, Mary accepted the job, although the time given her for completing it was short, and it only wanted ten days to her own wedding; but she resolved to work early and late, rather than decline to undertake it.

It unfortunately happened that, at this particular period, a famous battle was to come off betwixt two celebrated pugilists, with one of whom George was particularly acquainted. This man, whose name was Scroggins, had made up his own mind most thoroughly that he was to be the victor, and had found little difficulty in bringing George to the same conviction. He had backed himself to a considerable amount, and advised George to risk all he could upon the same venture, assuring him that he knew to a certainty that his adversary had no pluck, and would have never accepted the match if he had not been urged to it by those who bore him no good will, and so forth. But George had no money to sport with—provoking, doubtless, when there was such a fine opportunity of making a handsome sum; and his credit not being over good, nobody cared to bet with him unless he could put down the stake.

It was towards midnight, on the evening preceding the day the match was to come off, that George let himself into his mother's house in a very bad humour, at the prospect of going to the ring on the following morning with empty pockets. He pronounced himself the most unlucky fellow in the world, and abused fortune without mercy for not using him better. "To lose such an opportunity, when I was so sure of making a good thing of it," said he, as he walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. At that moment his eye fell upon a white cloth which was spread over something on the table. He lifted it, and beheld a large roll of silk uncut, a dress of the same material made up, and a card on which were wound several yards of lace. "By goles!" cried he, as he beheld the treasure, "these are some of Mary's fine things that Wylie has been giving her. Well, I think I've made a lady of her, haven't I? But deuce a penny I get by it myself, though I think if they've so much money to spare, they might help me a bit that brought them together; but they never think of that. It's the way of the world. When people have got what they want, they never remember who helped them to it;" and thus, with his eye fixed on the silk, did George soliloquise, till he had persuaded himself that he was a very ill-used gentleman. This was the first stage; the next brought him to the conviction, that such being the case, he was justified in doing what he could for himself, and that he was not bound to be so very scrupulous with people who had shown themselves so forgetful of him; and having satisfied himself on this point, he forthwith rolled up the lace and the two dresses in the cloth, and carried them off to his old friend Perkins, who lent him six pounds on the pledge. "I'll take them out and give them back to my sister when I come back to-morrow," thought he, "and she'll be none the worse, and I shall get my pockets well lined in the mean time."

Unfortunately, however, Scroggins had been too sanguine in his calculations, or rather he had made a slight mistake of persons—it was himself, and not the adversary, who had no pluck. He had trusted to his weight, but the science and activity of the other were too much

for him, and he sustained a signal defeat; whilst George, who, by a dexterous display of his six pounds, had contrived to get a good many bets, not only lost that, but much more than he had the means of paying. Unable, therefore, to redeem the pledge, and ashamed to show his face to his sister and Wylie, instead of returning home, he joined some of his acquaintances, and went off in another direction.

On the morning after George's midnight visit to his mother's lodging, Mary rose betimes, with the intention of setting about her work; and her dismay may be imagined at finding that silk, pattern, lace, and all had disappeared. Too well both mother and daughter knew who had taken them, and too well they both guessed where they were gone. But how to redeem them? "No doubt he has got four or five pounds on them," said Mrs Lock; "and I might as well hope to get four or five hundred."

"Yes, it's all here, sure enough," said Mr Perkins, on being interrogated; "and you may have it again for the six pounds as soon as you please." Mary and her mother turned away in despair. "He said he'd be back to-day and take them out," cried Mr Perkins as they left the shop; "so you had better say nothing about it till you see whether he comes or not."

"What is to become of me if he doesn't?" said Mary, with the tears in her eyes. "To-morrow I am to go to Mrs Strahan to try on the dress, and what excuse can I make for its not being ready?"

"If we can't get it before that," said Mrs Lock, "I must call on her, and say you are ill, and beg a day longer."

This was done; Mrs Strahan submitted to the delay with a tolerable grace, but enforced the necessity of vigorous exertions to make up for it. "I *must* have my gown by the twenty-fifth," said she. Mrs Lock promised that she should; but the next morning arrived without bringing George, or presenting any rational hope of the promise being fulfilled.

"Suppose we tell Wylie," said she. "Perhaps he could lend us the six pounds?"

"Not for worlds," replied Mary. "How could we ever repay it? I would rather suffer any thing than expose ourselves in that manner."

"But we shall be exposed whether or not," answered the mother. "Mrs Strahan will be in a fury when she finds out the truth, and the whole neighbourhood will know it as well as Wylie."

"We must try and persuade her to wait one day more," said Mary; "and then, if George does not return, we must confess what has happened."

"You had better write a note to her," said Mrs Lock, "for I dare not face her with another excuse." So Mary wrote the note, again pleading indisposition, and her mother left it at Mrs Strahan's door.

Anxiety, and the loss of two nights' rest, had by this time made the poor girl really ill; and Mrs Lock advised her, as there was nothing at present to be done, to lie down and try to sleep a little, in order that, if she did recover her work, she might be the better able to make up for lost time. Mary took the advice; and she had not long left the room, before Wylie appeared. He was in great spirits, and said he was come to talk over the arrangements for the wedding, and he wanted to see George; he had heard of a situation "that would suit him exactly, if he would but take up and be a little more steady. I'm sure he's a good fellow in the main," said he, "only his wild fits get the better of him sometimes, but that will all go off by and by, particularly if he met with a nice good girl that he took a fancy to. I wasn't half so steady myself till I fell in love with Mary, and if she and I hadn't come together, I don't know but by this time I might have been as wild as George."

Mrs Lock shook her head, and said that she was sure he would never have been so bad as George; and she had it on her lips to tell him what had happened, but was deterred by the fear of distressing Mary.

Presently, however, in the midst of this conversation, there was a ring at the bell, and a messenger entered with a note from Mrs Strahan, peremptorily demanding back her property, and announcing her fixed determination to transfer the job to some other dressmaker, and never again to employ so dilatory a person as Miss Lock.

"My daughter's out, and has the key of the drawer where the things are in her pocket," said Mrs Lock, not knowing how else to escape the exigence of the moment; "I'll bring them to Mrs Strahan myself, the moment she comes in;" and with this answer the messenger was dismissed. But the woman was no sooner out of hearing, than Mrs Lock, unable to keep the secret any longer, disclosed the whole affair to Wylie.

"It will be the ruin of us all if it gets abroad," said she; "nobody will trust me with their linen, nor Mary with their dresses, after such a disgraceful transaction; and the excuses I've been making these two days to Mrs Strahan, when it is found out that they are not true, will make people think we're as bad as George." Wylie saw the extent of the mischief at once; and he saw also that if the affair became public, his connexion with the family might possibly even injure himself with his employers, who, though kind to him, were very rigid people; and if he lost his situation, and Mary her business, how were they to be married?

"I'll go to Perkins," said he, "and see what can be done."

"There's nothing to be done," said Mr Perkins, "but to bring me the six pounds, and Mrs Lock may have the things when she likes."

Wylie saw the case was urgent, and he was very much in love. He turned his back to Mr Perkins, drew some letters out of his pocket, which he had been intrusted to put in the post, selected one from the number, read the address—"To Mrs Wilson, strawbonnet maker, Collumpton, Devon"—examined it, turned it about in his hand, hesitated, half replaced it amongst the others, and then, as if seized with a sudden resolution, opened it, and took out two five-pound notes, which he handed to Mr Perkins.

"Have you got the ticket?" inquired the pawnbroker.

"No," replied Wylie; "but you can have no doubt who the property belongs to."

"No, I've no doubt about that," answered Perkins; "but then, you see, if I don't get the ticket, George Lock may come down upon me for the things, and ask what business I had to give them up."

"He won't do that, you may rely on it," said Wylie; "he'll be too glad to get so easy out of the scrape, and be very much obliged to you for letting his sister have them again."

Perkins did not doubt but he would; but, at the same time, he demanded the whole ten pounds, in consideration of his risk, promising to return the extra four whenever he got back his ticket.

Wylie called a boy to carry the recovered goods, and accompanied him back to Mrs Lock's. Mary was summoned to return him thanks—and warm thanks they were; but there was a chill on Wylie's spirits, that even her gratitude could not revive, and he did not dare to say how he had obtained the money.

Wylie had been present when his master folded the letter addressed to Mrs Wilson, and had seen the money enclosed in it; he was also aware that she was a poor relation of the family, and his first intention had been to send her the four pounds, with a letter promising the rest shortly; and, as his salary would soon be due, he looked to be able to fulfil his promise. Mr Perkins's demand for the whole sum rendered the first part of this plan impracticable for the present, so he was obliged to write a few lines to Mrs Wilson, as if dictated by his master, saying that she would shortly receive ten pounds, adding, that as he was going from home, it would be useless for her to write in the interim; and as he knew her to be a very old woman, who was not much given to exercise her pen, he thought it very improbable that she would.

Fortune, however, was against him. When the letter arrived at Collumpton, the old woman was just dead; and the clergyman of the parish, who, as she had no friends on the spot, looked to her affairs, wrote immediately to Mr Watson to say so; adding, that as she had no debts, and had left money enough to bury her decently, there would be no occasion for his donation. The letter not being very explicit, Mr Watson's first impression was, that the money had been abstracted at the post-office; so he wrote for further information, and his application being answered by the enclosure of Wylie's own letter, the painful truth was at once disclosed.

"I shall not prosecute you," said Mr Watson, when he had listened to Wylie's story, "though of course I could do so, and perhaps ought; but you must quit my service, and I shall stop the ten pounds out of your wages. There is two pounds ten shillings, which is all that remains due to you." So Wylie was turned out of his situation with a lost character, and with two pounds ten shillings in his pocket.

Under these circumstances, Mrs Lock took him into her house, and Mary married him; for, as they said, "was it not for their sake he was suffering?" Mary's conduct was natural, and it was generous, but it was not wise, for her labour could not support them both, and her mother could barely earn her own subsistence, whilst Wylie, dispirited and hopeless, made no exertion to help himself, but left them to maintain him.

When this state of things had subsisted a few weeks, George returned to see the ruin he had made. He said he was very sorry, and so he was; but what was the use of that? It was barren sorrow, that neither did good to himself nor to any body else; and he said he had fully intended to redeem the things himself, and that he would never have taken them had he not relied on being able to do so, and had he not believed they were Mary's own. Perhaps this was true likewise; but who, except it be those who have reached the last stage of depravity, ever committed a crime without being deluded by some fallacy or another, or without throwing over it some disguise that concealed its deformity from their own view?

After George's return, Wylie, who had nothing to do, naturally became his companion, fell into his old courses, and joined his old associates—those courses and those associates that a virtuous love and the prospect of a happy future had weaned him from. From saying he was going out with George for a little while, and would be back presently, to being out all day, and from that to being out all night, and then many days and nights in succession, was but a too easy transition; and, to add to her troubles, poor Mary soon found herself a neglected, and almost deserted wife. Wylie's innate love of gambling returned with all its force; and it was not long before both she and her mother found themselves obliged to conceal, or watch with unceasing care, the linen or materials intrusted to them by their employers, which were in as much danger from the depredations of Wylie as of George. They thus became poorer and poorer; people became aware of the character of the two young men with whom these unfortunate women were connected, and feared to trust their property to such precarious keeping; their business forsook them, and they were frequently reduced to the utmost want.

Wylie and George were at first sorry for the pain they gave to Mary and Mrs Lock, though their sorrow had not power to make them refrain from doing it; but as the sight of their victims was disagreeable, they seldom subjected themselves to the annoyance. Their visits became shorter, and the intervals of their absence longer, till at last they stayed away altogether; and several months passed, during which no tidings of them reached either the mother or the wife.

"I often think, mother," said Mary one day, "that the first we hear of them will be something dreadful. If they were not going on very badly, I think they would have come home, or written to us before this. They'll have been away seven months to-morrow."

"Will they?" said Mrs Lock; "what day is to-morrow?"

"It will be Tuesday," answered Mary; adding, with a sigh, "Tuesday, the 8th of December—my wedding-day."

"The most unlucky day in the calendar for us," replied Mrs Lock; "you'll have been married two years to-morrow, Mary."

"It was George that ruined us," said Mary. "I'm sure Wylie meant to do well, and would; but after that exposure, he had no heart to try. Wylie might have been turned either way, right or wrong, by circumstances. He had chosen the right, but that unlucky business turned him back, and he never had resolution to begin again."

"That may be," said Mrs Lock; "and I think George has something of the same disposition. You've heard me tell about his picking up that handkerchief when he was a child, and being sent to the house of correction. Well, he never was the same boy afterwards; before that he never gave me an hour's trouble, but from the day he came out, I never got any good of him. I believe it was just the toss up of a halfpenny both with him and Wylie, whether they should be good or bad."

"Yes," said Mary; "if they had been kept up as young gentlemen are, and out of the way of temptation, I dare say they might have done well enough. But they hadn't strength to fight the battle, and they have both fallen. But I wish we knew where they are. This long silence makes one fancy all sorts of things, perhaps worse than the truth."

The room that Mary and her mother inhabited was on the ground floor; and about an hour after midnight, on the very night after this conversation had taken place, Mary (who was lying awake thinking of her husband, whom the circumstance of this being the anniversary of her unfortunate marriage had brought more vividly than usual to her mind) fancied she heard a tap at the window; she lifted up her head and listened—it was repeated, and with a distinctness that convinced her there was somebody there. "Who could it be?" The ever-present thought recurred. It might be Wylie, or it might be some one come to bring her news of him. Eagerly she leapt from her bed, and approaching the window, inquired who was there. Another tap was the answer. Forgetful of danger, she threw up the sash—the faint light showed her the figure of a man. Though it was what she expected to see, fear overcame her, and she hurriedly stretched out her hand to close the window again; but ere she could do so, he was in the room, and had done it himself. "Mary!" he said, and it was Wylie's voice that spoke—the voice was kind, too, and melancholy—she threw herself upon his bosom, and wept.

"Can you get me a fire," he said, "and something to eat? I am dying with cold and hunger."

"Mother! mother!" said Mary; "awake! Here is Wylie come back, cold and hungry. What can we do?"

"Wylie!" cried Mrs Lock, starting up; "where is George?"

"I'll tell you all by and by," said Wylie; "but for Heaven's sake get me some food and some fire first, or I shall perish. It is a month since I have slept under a roof, or ate any thing but what I could pick up from the fields or farm-yards."

"Food and fire!" echoed Mrs Lock; "Lord love you, we have neither! It's long since Mary and I have had a meal of any thing but potatoes; and as for fire, unless some neighbour gives us a shovelful of coals, we never see such a thing in the grate."

Wylie sunk down on the side of the bed, overcome with despair and exhaustion, and burst into tears. "This is what I have brought you to," said he.

"Get into the bed," said Mary, eagerly, as the thought struck her; "that will warm you, and I will go out and see if I can't get something to eat."

"Don't do that, Mary," said he; "put me into the bed, but nobody must know I am here."

They assisted him into the bed, and by degrees gathered from him that, about four weeks ago, he had escaped from the York jail, and had been ever since making his way to London, travelling by night, hiding by day, and every moment in danger of being taken. George, who had been confined with him, had also attempted to escape, but had fallen from a considerable height, and was so much injured, that he had been obliged to leave him where he was, and come away by himself—dreadful news for poor Mrs Lock. As for Mary, she was too much occupied with her husband to have any thoughts left for George; and indeed, when the daylight dawned, and she looked at the wretched wreck before her, she could not help giving vent to the resentment that harboured in her heart against him.

"But for him," she said, "how happy we might have been!"

"But for him," answered Wylie, "we should never have met. Happy had it been for you if we never had."

"We won't talk of that now," said Mary. "I'll go out and see if I can scrape up any thing amongst the neighbours to make a breakfast for you."

Scanty was the help she got; for the neighbours were but poorly off, and had nothing to spare: a little meal, a few sticks, and a shovelful of coals to boil some water, were all she could collect.

But Wylie did not long want food. He was dying when he came; the cold and want had reached his vitals; and he was in the last stage of a consumption, which had for some time been slowly undermining his constitution.

"When I am gone, Mary," said he, as his end approached, "go to Mr Watson, my late master; tell him that I am dead, and all that you have suffered through me. He was always a good man, and I think he will perhaps help you, for I was a great favourite with him as long as I behaved well."

As soon as Wylie's eyes were closed, poor Mrs Lock, whose anxiety about her son was almost irrepressible, ventured to make the inquiries which, at Mary's entreaty, she had forborne whilst Wylie lived, for fear of betraying his retreat, and disturbing his last moments. George too, she learned, was dead. He had been so severely hurt by his fall, that he was unable to crawl from the spot—had been found the next morning lying outside the walls in great agony, and had died shortly after his removal.

Mrs Lock and Mary had now only themselves to look to; and, in compliance with her husband's dying counsel, Mrs Wylie presented herself before Mr Watson, and told her melancholy story. He was moved by her sorrow, her youth, and the faded beauty that trouble had left her;

took her into his service, and obtained an allowance from the parish for Mrs Lock, who was now past hard work, which, with Mary's aid, and the little she could herself earn, enabled the old woman to end her days in peace and tolerable comfort.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POWER.

THE other day we paid a visit to an exhibition of a remarkable and highly gratifying kind, in St Andrew Square, Edinburgh. It was the movement of mechanism by electro-magnetic power, on a scale of magnitude which had never previously come under our observation. The exhibitor, who acts entirely on his own account, and is the discoverer of this modified galvanic action, is Mr Davidson, a young man from Aberdeen, where he perfected his experiments and apparatus, after several years of labour, both mental and bodily. The apparatus he exhibited consisted of several distinct objects, each calculated to show the action and extent of the applied power; as, for example, a small carriage running in a circle on the floor, a turning lathe, a machine for printing handbills, and so forth. The original seat of the power is a galvanic trough, containing four plates of zinc, each eight inches square, immersed in dilute sulphuric acid, and surrounded by copper, and with wires which connected the zinc and copper with coils or helices on bent masses of iron; the galvanic action, as usual, magnetising the iron, and sending off sparks to an axle, from which the cross limbs of a wheel were attracted and caused to revolve. The peculiar merit claimed by Mr Davidson is that of effecting the movement by repeated acts of attraction, instead of by alternate attraction and repulsion. To produce the repeated acts of attraction, the magnetic stream is cut off and renewed many times in the course of a second, simply by making the axle on which the sparks play partly of wood and partly of metal. When the metal part turns round, the attraction is effected, and when the wood appears, the attraction is at once destroyed. We, of course, speak here in general terms, because a minute scientific account of the process would be inconsistent with the popular nature of our sheet.

From what fell under our observation, we incline to believe that here has at last been manifested that great desideratum—something to supersede steam power. The public is generally aware that experiments have been made in various parts of the world, with a view to render electro-magnetism useful as a motive power. Professor Jacobi of St Petersburg has carried these experiments to a very interesting point, for he has by this force propelled a boat with fourteen passengers on the Neva, at the rate of three miles an hour.* As yet, however, there has been no appearance of an exertion of this power on such an economical principle as is necessary to make it generally applicable as a substitute for steam. This, it appears to us, has been reserved for Mr Davidson. The degree of energy exerted in his experiments seemed to us to be about a man's power, and this, we were told, was effected at a most insignificant expense. What would be the cost of working, say a horse power, we have no means of calculating, but should think it to be a great deal less than that of steam, besides being free from danger, and capable of being stowed in a small compass. As yet, the discovery is in its infancy, but, by skilful improvement and enterprise, it cannot fail soon to rise into importance. Feeling so assured of the efficacy of the plan, we offered to allow Mr Davidson to fit up an apparatus for turning our printing machinery, which, however, from other arrangements, he was obliged to decline.

With the view of aiding in making this valuable discovery known, we append the following notices on the subject. The first is a copy of a letter from Dr. Forbes, King's College, Aberdeen, to Professor Faraday, published in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

"*King's College, Aberdeen, Oct.* 7, 1839.

My dear sir—Having seen a notice from Mr Jacobi sent by you to the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, regarding the success of his experiments on the production of a moving power by electro-magnetism, I am sure it will give you pleasure to know that a countryman of our own, Mr Robert Davidson, of this place, has been eminently successful in his labours in the same field of discovery. For, in the first place, he has an arrangement by which, with only two electro-magnets, and less than one square foot of zinc surface (the negative metal being copper), a lathe is driven with such velocity as to be capable of turning small articles. Secondly, he has another arrangement by which, with the same small extent of galvanic power, a small carriage is driven, on which two persons were carried along a very coarse wooden floor of a room. And he has a third arrangement, not yet completed, by which, from the imperfect experiments he has made, he expects to gain very considerably more force from the same extent of galvanic power than from either of the other two.

The first two of these arrangements were seen in operation by Dr Fleming, Professor of Natural Philosophy in this University, and myself, some days ago; and there remains no doubt on our minds that Mr Davidson's arrangements will, when finished, be found available as a highly useful, efficient, and exceedingly simple moving power. He has been busily employed for the last two years in his attempts to perfect his machines, during all which time I have been acquainted with his progress, and can bear testimony to the great ingenuity he has shown in overcoming the numberless difficulties he has had to encounter. So far as I know, he was the first who employed the electro-magnetic power in producing motion by simply suspending the magnetism without a change of the poles. This he accomplished about two years ago. About the same time, he also constructed galvanic batteries on Professor Daniell's plan, by substituting a particular sort of canvass instead of gut, which substitution answers perfectly, is very durable, and can be made of any form or size. And lastly, he has ascertained the kind of iron, and the mode of working it into the best state for producing the strongest magnets with certainty.

The first two machines, seen in operation by Dr Fleming and myself, are exceedingly simple, without, indeed, the least complexity, and therefore easily manageable, and not liable to derangement. They also take up very little room. As yet, the extent of power of which they are capable has not been at all ascertained, as the size of battery employed is so trifling and the magnets so few; but from what can be judged by what is already done, it seems to be probable that a very great power, in no degree even inferior to that of steam, but much more manageable, much less expensive, and occupying greatly less space, if the coals be taken into account, may be obtained.

In short, the inventions of Mr Davidson seem to be so interesting to railroad proprietors in particular, that it would be much for their interest to take up the subject, and be at the expense of making the experiments necessary to bring this power into operation on the great scale, which, indeed, would be very trifling to a company, while it is very serious for an individual by no means rich, and who has already expended so much of his time and money for the mere desire of perfecting machines which he expected would be so beneficial to his country and to mankind. For it deserves to be mentioned, that he has made no secret of his operations, but has shown and explained all that he has done to every one who wished it. His motives have been quite disinterested, and I shall deem it a reproach to our country and countrymen if he be allowed to languish in obscurity, and not have an opportunity afforded him of perfecting his inventions and bringing them into operation, when they promise to be productive of such incalculable advantages."

Our next notice is the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Aberdeen Constitutional* newspaper, November 6, 1840:—

"Mr Davidson's invaluable invention is now set down, by common consent, as the desideratum that has been wanting to perfect the power of locomotive agency. Several thousands have visited the exhibition, among whom was Professor Hamel, whose opinion was decidedly favourable to the principle. At the meeting of the British Association of Science, held at Glasgow the other week, Professor Jacobi read a paper on the power of electro-magnetism, which seemed to point to some great improvement in the science; but the principle on which Mr Davidson's machine proceeds is altogether different from that on which Jacobi's experiments were made. Professor Jacobi produces motion by changing the poles of the magnets, Mr Davidson by cutting off the galvanic current at given points—the power alternating, as the rotation proceeds, from a neutralised magnet to a newly charged one. In both experiments, it has been clearly demonstrated that the power of the magnet is increased by increasing the diameter, and adding to the length of the helix. The power may be also increased by increasing the sizes of the bars. On this point, Professor Jacobi demonstrated the following conclusion:—

Diameter of the Rods.	Magnetism observed.	Magnetism calculated.
3	447	442
2¼	378	376
2	308	310
1¼	246	244
1	175	178
¾	158	156
½	142	135
¼	112	113
¼	87	91

Now, on the principle of changing the poles of the magnet, the advantages of this increase of power could not be made so fully available as on the principle of neutralising the magnets—there being in the one case a back action, which retards the momentum power, while in the other the rotation is constant, which tends to increase that power. According to the proportions in the above table, an almost indefinite amount of power may be obtained by increasing the diameter of the rods, and the quantity of wire or helix; this, too, constitutes an index of that power so simple and practicable, that it may be regulated to a fraction. We would earnestly press the consideration of Mr Davidson's invention on the patronage of those who have both the means and the inclination to encourage genius. Were a company formed to carry out the principle, we have not the slightest doubt, but, in a very few years, there would not be a locomotive used without a magnetic propeller; and, considering the number of accidents that are daily occurring on railways, it is especially to be desired that it should supersede the steam-engine there."

* See Chambers's Journal, No. 463.

A SCENE IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE.*

THE 103d regiment of the line of the French army was passing in front of the Castle of Erfurth, and the music of its band resounded afar. The neighbouring town was at the time crowded with strangers, who were drawn to Erfurth for the purpose of beholding the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander, the kings of Saxony and Wurtemburg, various minor sovereign princes of Germany, with princes of Prussia and other countries, all of whom had met there in the end of the month of September, of the year 1808.

An extraordinary agitation took place in the multitude as the regiment alluded to passed the chateau. The Emperor Napoleon then re-entered the castle after a morning review, and a thousand splendid uniforms glittered around him. Among the brilliant military crowd might have been seen one individual, well advanced in years, and clothed in a court-dress of the most simple kind. He was attended by Marshal Lannes, and, with that gallant soldier for his guide, mounted the great staircase. Reaching the chamberlain of the household, the marshal directed the notice of that functionary to his companion, merely saying, "M. Goethe—by orders of the emperor." "I shall announce M. Goethe immediately," said the chamberlain, bowing in honour of so famous a name; "and, in the mean time, permit me to present to M. Goethe M. de Talleyrand and the Duke of Rovigo."

With these personages, who waited their turns to be announced to their master, Goethe exchanged some talk for a few minutes, until the chamberlain reappeared at the door of the saloon. At a sign, the poet of Faust then advanced. Napoleon had just dispatched a hasty breakfast at a large round table, on which lay many papers, which the ministers and officers of the moving court had already accumulated round their master. Goethe bowed on advancing, and the emperor began the conversation with characteristic brevity.

"You are Goethe!" asked he. The answer was another inclination. "What age have you attained?" "Sire, I am now sixty years old," said the poet. "You have written tragedies—what?" asked the emperor, whose attention the drama was then nightly occupying. *Iphigenia*, *Egmont*, and *Torquato Tasso*, were mentioned by Goethe as among his productions in the department of tragedy.

"You saw my theatre yesterday," said Napoleon (who had brought Talma and a Parisian company with him to Germany); "were you pleased with their performances?" Goethe expressed himself highly gratified as well as surprised by the perfection of the players, and by the representation altogether. This pleased Napoleon, but he condemned the piece, *Mahomet*, which had been played on the preceding evening. "The Mahomet of the play," said he, "is thoroughly theatrical—a Frenchman, in short, of the time of the Regency; and I always fancy that I see the powdered queue peeping out from under the Asiatic turban of the seventh century." It was unfortunate that Goethe had rendered Mahomet into German. He mentioned this. "Ah, then, you wont agree with me about its merits," said Napoleon, smiling. The emperor then observed, "I have read your *Werter*. Daru has often mentioned you to me. You direct the theatre of Weimar?" Goethe bowed assent. "I should like to witness a play at Weimar. After to-morrow I shall visit the field of Jena with the Emperor of Russia; I shall then visit Weimar. Pray express my wish to the grand-duke."

A short pause here took place in the conversation. "Duroc," cried the emperor, "these letters from Soult are unsatisfactory. What is passing in Poland? I would know that; and you must get drawn up for me a report upon the population and present resources of the country, and their means of provision for an army of forty thousand men." Again a brief pause.

"M. Goethe," said the emperor, "what is your opinion of Talma?" "Sire," answered the German poet, "he appears to me a sublime artist—the very incarnation of tragedy!" "Are you desirous of forming his acquaintance?" said Napoleon. Goethe nodded assent. "If so, remain here," continued Napoleon; "Talma usually visits me after breakfast. Talleyrand."

"Sire?" said the famous minister now addressed.

"Be so good as come to this side to me," continued the emperor; "I have a report from Fouché upon a matter relating to your department." The emperor retired to a window, and entered into an animated conversation with Talleyrand.

After a short time, the chamberlain entered, and announced the wish of the King of Wurtemburg to

* We translate and abridge this from a French feuilleton.

have the honour of seeing the emperor. Napoleon conveyed in answer a civil regret that important business would prevent his having the pleasure of seeing the king till the evening at the theatre. Instantly afterwards, the chamberlain announced the actor Talma to be in waiting.

"Admit him!" was the reply of Napoleon.

"Lannes," continued the emperor, turning to his marshal, "the 44th, 103d, and 17th regiments of the line will pass in review to-morrow morning. Place the officer Girand, of the sixth company of the 103d, in the front. I have a report which concerns him. He shall be decorated. The hour of rendezvous is five."

Talma had advanced while Lannes received these orders. The tragedian had a noble figure, which made him a distinguished person even in the face of the emperor's brilliant cortege. "Ah, well, Talma, what shall we behold this evening!" said the emperor. "Your majesty has but to decide," was the reply; "*Cinna*, *Andromache*, *Brittanicus*, and *Zaïre* (French tragedies) are prepared." "No, none of these for to-night," returned Napoleon; "I wish, for this evening, to have the *Death of Cæsar*." "Sire, the thing will be very difficult to accomplish"—— "But it is *not impossible*, and therefore let it be done," were the words of Napoleon.

"Monsieur de Goethe," continued he, turning to the German poet with an assumed gravity of manner, "I regret that the playing of Talma does not please you, but I cannot refuse myself the gratification of presenting him to you." The embarrassment with which the poet and actor bowed to each other, raised a smile on the emperor's countenance. He persisted in amusing himself a little further. "M. Goethe's opinion must have great weight with his countrymen, when they find him of the belief that Talma falls short of his reputation." "Sire, permit me to say," answered the jealous actor, "that I play for the French, and that the difference between our national styles"—— "Is great, no doubt," interrupted Napoleon; "we all see that. In this country, all is calm and reflective. The Germans seem to me always as if they played in a chamber, not a theatre. I think the Germans would be the best of actors, if they were allowed to play sitting."

Goethe here took the opportunity of interposing. "Your majesty has been pleased to embarrass me a little," said he; "I have fully appreciated and admitted the great and unequalled powers of M. Talma." The brow of Talma cleared up, and Napoleon smiled. "I am sorry," said the latter, "that M. Goethe has interrupted my project. Did you observe, gentlemen all, how pale Talma grew? I should have been delighted to witness an improvised tragic scene. But now adieu, M. Von Goethe! *Au revoir* at Weimar." The emperor was now left alone with Talma.

[We here pass over a good but too lengthened scene, described in the original as having passed betwixt Napoleon, Talma, and the Emperor Alexander, and take up the closing passage, recording the Parterre or Pit scene of the Kings at Erfurth on the same evening. Considering the fact that Napoleon's career more resembled Cæsar's than that of any other man who ever lived, and that the object of the play called the "Death of Cæsar" was chiefly to justify the destruction of Cæsar, for attempting what Bonaparte had recently effected, his choice of such a drama for representation on an occasion so public and memorable, was a very curious proceeding, to say the least of it. Perhaps it was done in the wanton consciousness of power, for he then sate with his feet on the necks of kings.]

On the evening mentioned, a splendid scene was visible in the theatre at Erfurth. Epaulettes, uniforms, and decorations of honour, were mingled with all that was brilliant in female attire, and in the civil costume of princes and courtiers. After a half hour spent in waiting, the two emperors, with their attendant kings, made their appearance. No one had till then sat down. Napoleon and Alexander had been provided with two adjoining seats, marking, by their elevation and prominence, the superior and equal rank of the two parties. After applause and acknowledgments, the orchestra got through the overture, and the piece began. But the audience seemed at first scarcely aware that a performance was going on before them. All eyes were bent on the great monarchs. These two themselves were the sole individuals who seemed attentive at the outset to the play. But by degrees the language of the piece was noticed, and then a strange feeling of embarrassment crept over the dignitaries assembled. There were many Frenchmen even there, who, a short time since, would have preferred to have seen him fall like Cæsar, ere he had attained the crown of empire. The language of the conspirators against Cæsar was secretly applied by every one, and the result was a confused feeling of dismay at the conduct of the actors in choosing such a piece at such a time. Few knew that the selection had been Napoleon's own. While such sentiments pervaded the audience, Napoleon seemed to be absorbed in the tragedy alone. Frequently he applauded with hands and voice. This freedom from all embarrassment produced at length its effect, and particularly on Talma. The great actor was ill at ease at the commencement of his performance. Every line almost might be applied in a painful way by Napoleon, and yet the latter knew the piece so well that no line could be omitted. Warming, however, with his exertions, the great actor's bonds were at length burst by a single stroke. In the third act, the line occurs,

"The friendship of a great man is a blessing from the gods."

At this point, Alexander half rose and bowed to Napoleon, and the latter returned the salutation in a similar way, saying at the same time, "These words give utterance to my thoughts."

Talma forgot the present from this moment, and made his auditors denizens of the past. His triumph, up to the last scene, was complete, and Goethe and his countrymen loaded him with acclamations as loud and sincere as were ever bestowed on him on his native boards.

MR BUCKINGHAM'S AMERICA.

SECOND NOTICE.

In a former number, we embraced an opportunity of noticing Mr Buckingham's lately published work on the United States of America. We now take leave once more to bring its merits as a voluminous body of entertaining and instructive matter on that country, under the observation of our readers. The following extracts on topics of interest, will, with those already given, afford a satisfactory idea of the author's mode of handling the subjects which came under his observation.

INORDINATE LOVE OF GAIN.

Mr Buckingham confirms the account given by Mr Combe, of the deplorable injury caused by the inordinate and over-hasty pursuit of gain among the Americans. After alluding to numerous cases of death from destitution, he observes—"This indigence, in a country where food can be raised so cheap, where labour is in such demand, and always paid so well, would seem unaccountable, but for the fact, that in the late mania for speculation, the cultivators of the soil, instead of following up their agricultural pursuits, had left off farming, to become speculators in stocks, buyers of shares in railroads never begun, and canals never opened, as well as purchasers of lots of land on which towns were *intended* to be built; in which extravagant schemes they spent all their time and money; so that agriculture, the great basis of the national wealth, and the surest and steadiest security of individual prosperity in these fertile states, was so neglected, that the country was obliged to import grain for its own consumption, instead of supplying, as it ought to do, from its own surplus, the older countries of Europe. From the vast amount of grain grown in America subjected to distillation—thus converting what nature has bountifully supplied for wholesome food, into the poisonous and crime-engendering drink of ardent spirits—and from the deficiency of the supply of grain from its own soil, for the reasons before assigned—this finest grain-producing country on the globe was obliged to import its own food; and it is stated in the public journals of this city, that in the year 1837, the single port of Baltimore alone received 800,000 bushels of wheat, and 140,000 bushels of rye, from Europe. The inordinate love of gain, which has led to all these perversions of things from their right and proper channels, is working more mischief in this country, and undermining the moral principle of its inhabitants more powerfully, than all other causes combined, except, perhaps, intemperance, the giant-destroyer, that sweeps away thousands every year to a premature grave, and hurries its victims from a life of comparative virtue and honesty to a career of vice and infamy. The newspapers from all quarters of the Union, teem with proofs of the recklessness with which this love of gain is indulged; and every barrier that stands in the way of its acquisition seems to be broken down without scruple."

SOCIETY AT A WATERING PLACE.

We have the following account of the manners of the people as seen at the fashionable watering place, Saratoga:—"On the whole, perhaps, Saratoga affords the best opportunity that a stranger can enjoy for seeing American society on the largest scale, and embracing the greatest variety of classes at the same time; for, except the small shopkeeper and mere labourer, every other class has its representatives here. The rich merchant from New Orleans, and the wealthy planter from Arkansas, Alabama, and Tennessee, with the more haughty and more polished landowner from Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia; the successful speculator in real estate from Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, and Michigan; the rich capitalist from Boston and New York, the grave Quaker from Providence and Philadelphia, the official functionary from Washington, and the learned professor from New Haven, Cambridge, and Hartford—all mingle together in strange variety, and present such strikingly different yet truly characteristic features, that the whole Union is thus brought before the eye of the stranger at one view, and he has ample field for observation of their several representatives. Speaking in general terms, my own impression was, that in the company at Congress Hall especially, there were quite as many elegant men, and a great many more beautiful women, than are usually seen among a similar number of persons assembled in any public room at Brighton, Cheltenham, or Bath. Those from the south bore away the palm of superiority in beauty and manners, there being an ease, a grace, and an elegance of polish about the southerns, whether ladies or gentlemen, which those of the north, so far as my observation has yet extended, do not attain. The women are incomparably more beautiful; and we saw here some from Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland, especially from Charleston, Norfolk, and Baltimore, that would grace any court in Europe; while from Philadelphia and New York there were also some lovely countenances, especially among the young. My opinion, indeed, was here strongly confirmed, that there is no country in Europe in which there are so many beautiful faces among the women as in this; the symmetry of their features, the contrast between the marble whiteness of their complexion, and their dark eyes and hair, small mouths, and beautifully white and regular teeth, are the chief traits of their beauty. But, on the other hand, they want the full development of figure and bust, as well as the rosy complexion and coral lips, of the healthy English beauty; and are still more deficient in that gaiety and animation, which a brilliant female countenance so often expresses, in the look of intelligence, and glow of feeling and sentiment, which accompany the utterance of a well-educated and well-bred woman at home. The American ladies did not appear to me to evince the same passionate admiration, which is constantly witnessed among English females, for the pursuit or object in which they were engaged. Neither painting, sculpture, poetry, nor music, neither the higher topics of intellectual conversation, nor the lighter beauties of the *belles lettres*, seem to move them from the general apathy and indifference, or coldness of temperament, which is their most remarkable defect. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, in Germany, France, and Italy, and even in Spain and Portugal, well-educated women evince an enthusiasm, and express, because they feel, a passionate delight in speaking of works of art which they may have seen, of literary productions which they may have read, or of poetry or music which they may have heard; and the sympathy which they thus kindle in the minds of others, only seems to increase the fervour and intensity of their own. Among the American ladies, of the best education, I have never yet witnessed any thing approaching to this; and as it is not deficiency of information—for most of them possess a wider circle of knowledge, in whatever is taught at school, than ladies do with us—it must be a deficiency of taste and feeling. Whether this is the result of climate and physical temperament, as some suppose, or the mere influence of cold manners, as others imagine, I cannot determine; though I am inclined to adopt the former supposition, because the same phlegmatic temperament is evinced in the progress of that which, if women have any passion at all, however deep-seated it may be, will assuredly bring it out—I mean the progress of their attachments or loves; for I have neither heard nor seen any evidence of that all-absorbing and romantic feeling by which this passion is accompanied in its development in all the countries I have named; and although, probably, the American women make the most faithful wives and most correct members of society, that any nation or community can furnish, I do not think they love with the same intensity as the women of Europe, or would be ready to make such sacrifices of personal consideration, in rank, fortune, or conveniences of life, for the sake of obtaining the object of their affections, as women readily and perpetually do with us. Whether this is an advantage or a disadvantage, I will not undertake to say, but of the fact I have no doubt; and to the same causes—the coldness of temperament—I attribute the absence of all enthusiasm among them in regard to literature and the arts, which they cultivate as a matter of duty, and not from ardent admiration or love of the pursuit; and in which, for this very reason, they rarely or ever rise above mediocrity in their knowledge or practice of them."

LIVING IN BOARDING-HOUSES.

"The peculiarity of living in boarding-houses, instead of keeping house, or occupying private lodgings, is one of the most distinguishing features of society in New York. There are many causes that have had their share in contributing to this. One, no doubt, is the too large scale on which houses are usually built, and the difficulty of finding a small one adapted to the purse of a family with moderate means. The house in which we resided, next to Bunker's Hotel, 37, Broadway, was one which would be considered dear in any part of London at L.300 a-year, and might be had in a country town for L.100 at the utmost. The present rent paid by its tenant was 3500 dollars, or L.700 a-year; and the owner asked the exorbitant price of 5000 dollars, or L.1000, after the expiration of the year just about to close. In addition to the exorbitant rents, the difficulty of procuring and keeping good domestic servants is another cause which leads to the living in boarding-houses; and a third, no doubt, is the frequent change of occupation and habitation, which is common to all classes in America.

The advantages derived from this mode of life to unmarried men are unquestionable, relieving them from the necessity of great expenditure and care: but the disadvantages are also great; for the habit of finding all that they need, without much cost or trouble, and the enjoyment of female society besides, lessens the necessity of marriage; and, like the clubs in London, boarding-houses in America indispose men to form attachments, or to contemplate a more permanent settlement. To the young married couple it is also a convenience, for the reasons already alleged, but its disadvantage is much greater to them in the end; for, when they become parents, and separate establishments are more necessary, the wife has acquired no experience in housekeeping, and both her husband and herself are averse to the trouble, care, and anxiety of a separate house and separate servants; besides finding it less exciting and agreeable to sit down to breakfast and dine alone, and pass the evening without companions, to which they were accustomed while living at the boarding-house. Many, accordingly, seek refuge from this married solitude by going out to parties, paying morning visits, laying themselves out for invitations, and giving expensive routs and balls themselves at great cost and great inconvenience, while the progressive vitiation of the taste which this brings, fed with stimulants and excitement, never allows them, perhaps, to return with pleasure to the sober and wholesome tranquillity of a well-ordered domestic home.

The boarding-house life was to us, however, extremely disagreeable from the beginning, and we did not get at all more reconciled to it at the end. The early hour at which all are rung out of bed by the sound of a great bell, as if at school—the rapidity with which persons rush to the table exactly at eight o'clock—the certainty that if you are five minutes after this, the breakfast will be half consumed, and what remains will be cold and unpalatable—the haste with which every thing is dispatched, and the air of indifference with which parties rise up and go away to business when they have done—the earliness of the dinner-hour, three o'clock, with a repetition of the same hurry and bustle over again—the unskilfulness and indifference of the servants, mostly coloured people—the utter want of sympathy or consideration on the part of the boarding-house keepers, as to whether their inmates are provided with all they need or not—the absence of the many little nameless conveniences with which English houses are furnished—the imperfect hanging of the bells, and difficulty of getting them answered—and the preference of showy appearances to cleanliness—are but a part of the many evils of a boarding-house life, as they appeared to us at least. The contrast of all this is seen in the private dwellings of the opulent, which we had the opportunity of visiting, where every comfort and luxury that the most fastidious could desire were united, and where the only objection to the style of living was its great expense."

VULGARITY PROPERLY PUNISHED.

The following anecdote which he tells respecting Mrs Wood is capital, and may not be without its use on this side of the Atlantic. "A remarkable instance of 'impressement' practised on Mrs Wood, the popular singer, who had preceded Madame Caradori Allan in her visit to America, was mentioned to me here by one who was present at the party. A general, living in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, who had become suddenly rich, furnished a house in a costly manner, and gave gay parties. He had little else but his wealth, however, to render them attractive; his wife being especially untutored and unpolished, as he had married before he became rich, and both were elevated to their present importance without the requisite personal qualifications to sustain it. To render one of their parties more than usually popular, they invited Mr and Mrs Wood among their guests; they at first respectfully declined, on the ground of fatigue, but they were pressed with so much earnestness, that they at length were subdued into consent. When the entertainments of the evening were fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visiters had sung, the hostess invited Mrs Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but Mrs Wood begged, with a very serious countenance, to be excused. At first, the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence, and a fixed stare; but at length the disappointed hostess broke forth—'What! not sing, Mrs Wood! why, it was for this that I invited you to my party. I should not have thought of asking you but for this; and I told all my guests that you were coming, and that they would hear you sing!' 'Oh!' replied Mrs Wood, with great readiness, 'that quite alters the case; I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately.' 'That's a *good* creature,' rejoined the hostess; 'I thought you could not persist in refusing me.' So Mrs Wood seated herself at the piano, sang delightfully, and to the entire gratification of hostess and guests; gave, without hesitation, every song she was asked for, and some were encored. On the following day, however, when the host and hostess were counting up the cost of their entertainment (for, rich as they were, they had not lost their former regard for economy), to their utter consternation there came in a bill from Mr Wood of 200 dollars for Mrs Wood's 'professional services' at the party of the preceding evening, accompanied by a note couched in terms which made it quite certain that the demand would be legally enforced if attempted to be resisted; and, however much they were mortified by this unexpected demand, they deemed it most prudent to pay it, and hold their tongues."

THE POOR OF A PARISH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Pursuing our sketch of the condition of the parish of H—— as respects the support of its poor, we proceed to the next class of paupers, consisting of those who receive 1s. 6d. a-week, of whom there are sixteen, besides the families already mentioned.

The first of this class is an old widow, upwards of eighty, who has a large family of sons and daughters, mostly married. The only one of her children who renders her any assistance, is an unmarried daughter, who keeps a little shop, with whom she lives. This old woman complains very much of want, and has often applied for an increase of her allowance without effect. She was at one time in comfortable, or rather affluent circumstances.

The second is a female about thirty, with a number of illegitimate children. This woman is lame, and hence her claim upon the parish for assistance. Her other means of support is weaver's work, and what she may receive from her paramours.

The third is an old female about seventy, of a very different character from the last. She has never been married, and has always maintained the most irreproachable and exemplary character, and speaks of her being compelled to ask parish relief as one of the greatest trials she ever met with in her life; that the terrible thought of becoming a parish pauper was like to have thrown her into a fever, but she had no friends and no alternative. She can still, however, work a little at farm labour and otherwise, for her assistance.

The fourth is a widow about sixty, with two unfortunate daughters residing with her, who have both illegitimate children. This woman has no sons, and her only means of support, besides her allowance, is derived from the earnings of these daughters, who work at farm labour. The one is sometimes hired, while the other, on her part, attends to the children.

The fifth is a female of thirty-five, with illegitimate children. This person is lame, but, notwithstanding, has a great deal of management, and makes an astonishing shift for her support. In summer, she travels the country with a donkey, vending a variety of small wares; in winter, keeps a lodging-house. If her moral character were at all tolerable, she would be considered quite a heroine. She has fought the heritors and kirk-session for her aliment, and beat them; she has held strange parley with the fiscal, and been in many a queer *ploy*; and, setting public opinion at defiance, she continues to hold on her way, and is, as occasion serves, a beggar, or a trader, or the mistress of a hotel on a small scale, and at the same time supplies the neighbourhood with baskets and brooms.

The sixth is a widow of eighty, with a son in bad health residing with her. This woman has had five sons; four have been soldiers, three have died in the service of their country, one enjoys a small pension, and lives at some distance, and one, an invalid, resides with the mother. He is a weaver, and works a little when health permits; but they are known to have great difficulty in making a living.

The seventh is a woman of sixty, deserted by her husband. She has a daughter with an illegitimate child residing with her. The mother and daughter both work to the farmers and others who employ them, and manage to make a decent living.

The eighth is a tradesman of seventy, without children. He can still work a little at his business.

The ninth is a widow of seventy, with sons and daughters, who render her some assistance.

The tenth is a widow of eighty, with a daughter and grand-daughter, both of weak intellect. This woman receives assistance from a daughter in good circumstances. She has also sons in America, doing well, but they give her no help.

The eleventh is an old man of eighty, with a wife and daughter. This man lived a bachelor till late in life, and had saved a good deal of money; and hoping, no doubt, to add to the comforts of declining age, he married, perhaps imprudently, a young woman, for whose pleasure he indulged in a too extravagant style of living, which, with other mismanagement, has brought him in his hoary years to the condition of a parish pauper. This man's wife has an allowance of 1s. 6d. a-week for keeping nine deserted and orphan children.

The twelfth is a man of seventy, with an unfortunate daughter, who resides with him. He has no sons of his own, but his daughter has a number of natural children. He can still make a little, however, by breaking stones on the roads.

The thirteenth is a widow of seventy, with a family of sons and daughters, who are mostly married and have large families, and can give her no assistance. She has, however, a grandson living with her, who is her principal support.

The fourteenth is a widow of seventy, with a large family of sons and daughters, mostly married, and generally in comfortable circumstances. This woman's family might do every thing for her; and their apparent neglect is quite disgraceful to themselves, and affords a very painful instance of the imperfect sense of filial obligation which is too commonly met with. The law of the land, as well as the law of nature, is no less binding upon a child to support a parent, than upon a parent to support a child; and yet there are numbers who discharge faithfully and well the duties they owe to their families, and yet seem to consider themselves nowise entitled to provide for the support and comfort of those from whom they received their earthly existence, and who have toiled and cared for them in the helpless years of infancy and childhood.

The fifteenth is a labouring man of sixty. His principal claim upon the parish are two blind children. We shall subjoin a deliverance of the heritors and kirk-session, in the case of this man, at their last meeting, as it may serve to illustrate a little the statistics of pauperism in this parish:—"The meeting having ascertained that the said A B is proprietor of two houses and gardens, do resolve that he has no right to receive any allowance from the poor's funds, either on account of himself or any of his children, as long as he is in possession of property; and they direct his name accordingly to be struck off the poor-roll."

The sixteenth is a soldier's widow of seventy, very infirm, who lives with a son and daughter. The son is unmarried, and might support the mother were he not addicted to intemperance. The daughter is in business, but has two children to support from her savings or profits. As the case of this poor woman is rather uncommon in this neighbourhood, we shall mention it here. A stranger, having the appearance of a gentleman, came to reside in the village, who, after some short acquaintance, paid his addresses to her, which were favourably received. They were regularly married, lived together for some time, and had these two children; when at length, to her utter astonishment and dismay, she discovered that her supposed husband had been previously married, and that his wife was still living, and had a large family to him, in another part of the country. He shortly after disappeared.

The next class consists of six females, who receive 1s. a-week each, and one only half that sum.

Two of these are widows; the one is about seventy, with children grown up, but who give her no help. She makes a little, however, by keeping a lodging-house, and by working in the fields in the harvest season. The other, about forty, has three young children; this woman is employed in farm labour in summer, and in winter in weavers' work, or in any other way in which she can find employment. She is frequently, however, in bad health, and has to be further assisted from the kirk-session.

Most of the remaining five females have had illegitimate children in their youth, and have found it necessary to have houses of their own; they are all considerably advanced in life.

The first is above eighty, and lives with a son who is unmarried, and does not appear to be in any want. The second keeps a lodging-house, is an active person, and makes a fair living. The third is about sixty, has a daughter married, who can give her no help. She can still, however, work a little at weeding gardens, washing, &c., and manages to make a scanty subsistence. Her allowance generally lies for the payment of her house-rent. The fourth is about sixty, and has a number of wealthy relatives, who are supposed to assist her. Indeed, it was considered quite extraordinary that they allowed her to be put on the poor-roll. They gave as their reasons, that they were paying poor cess to a large amount themselves, and as good right their own poor relative received a part of it as another. The last, who receives sixpence a-week, was so poor that she had to resign housekeeping, and go to reside with a relative at a distance.

There are also at least ten individuals who have petitioned, during the last six months, to be admitted on the poor-roll, and have been rejected. Of these, there are two deserted wives, a poor mechanic for an idiot child, an old woman with an infirm husband, a widow with a large family, and other necessitous persons.

About twenty, young and old, of the paupers standing on the roll, have, during the course of last year, received occasional relief from the funds of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. This was given them in clothes, coals, a little comfortable food, and cordials when unwell. This society has likewise afforded relief to seventeen other families not receiving parochial aid. These consist of widows with large families, reduced artisans, old and infirm individuals, mostly women; some with relatives dependent on them, and others living by themselves. In this number are two farm-servants with large young families.

As already mentioned, the funds of the kirk-session are kept separate from the money raised by legal assessment. The former is generally given in cases of sickness, and other incidental exigencies, while the latter is distributed in regular weekly allowances. Besides the money collected at the church door, the session have received several legacies and donations, which enable them, in seasons of scarcity and dearth, to extend a little relief to a number of the most necessitous of the labouring classes. In the winter of 1838-9, potatoes were distributed, and oatmeal sold by them at a reduced price, to about fifty families not paupers. These consisted of day labourers, farm-servants, artisans, and others, who are in general able to earn a livelihood by their industry; but the limited resources of the kirk-session did not afford them an opportunity of knowing the exact number that would have been *willing* to receive such assistance. However, as their bounty was generally bestowed upon such as were of the best moral character, there can be no doubt but that a number more would have been willing to avail themselves of the same advantage, had it been offered them. There can scarcely be calculated to be fewer than a hundred families, or about one-third of the whole, including the regular paupers, that would be willing to receive such assistance.

There is one circumstance in the history of the pauperism of the parish worthy of notice. So late as the year 1832, before the parish was legally assessed, the number receiving permanent relief from the session's funds was only *twenty-one*. In 1835, when the parish was first legally assessed, the number had increased to thirty-four. Since 1835, the number of permanent paupers has increased considerably above a third. If the ten rejected petitioners had been admitted, they would have swelled the number to nearly double in the last five years. It would be a matter of great importance to ascertain correctly the cause of this continued increase of pauperism and growing destitution among all classes of operatives

and labourers,* as through that knowledge alone we may hope to discover a remedy.

We have much pleasure in being able to bear testimony to the blameless and even praiseworthy moral and Christian character of many of the paupers, both male and female, and especially among the more aged and such as have been in better circumstances, and who have been reduced to indigence late in life by events over which they had no control—the results of time and chance, which happen to all. At the same time, it cannot be denied that there is a certain proportion of those receiving permanent and occasional relief, whose prudence and morality are more questionable. But even the improprieties of conduct in the latter may be considered more the consequence than the cause of their destitute condition.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SOUTH-SEA SUPERSTITIONS.—SECOND ARTICLE.

THE Areois superstition, which was described at length in a late number, declined before the enlightening influence of Christianity, and of course a similar and even stronger effect was produced by the same agency on such of the idolatries of the Polynesian isles as were more strictly of a religious character. Abundance of descriptions, however, exist on the subject, drawn up by early voyagers and eye witnesses. From these accounts, we learn that idols, or images of deities, were numerous beyond computation in the South Sea islands; and were, for the most part, rude, unshapely, and grotesque caricatures in wood of the human face and form. Being usually of small size, from one to four feet long or so, they brought peculiarly and unpleasantly to the minds of civilised voyagers the bottled deformities of an anatomist's museum. One of the principal idols of Polynesia was Taaroa, regarded by most of the islanders as the creator of the universe, though the New Zealanders call their supreme being Atua. The image of Taaroa, which was generally about four feet long, and formed of a single piece of hard white wood, had a number of minor abortions carved out of or stuck upon its surface, in order to indicate the multitude of beings, divine and human, to whom he had given origin. In addition to these external descendants, a number of minor idols were placed in the hollowed interior of Taaroa, apparently to receive the benefit of his inspiring influence. Oro and Terongo were among the most common of the other good deities who were worshipped in image fashion, and the *demons* so reverenced were also very numerous. The most distressing feature in this idol-worship consisted in the sacrifice of human victims, even to the good deities. Of these victims, portions were frequently eaten by the attendant priests; and the chiefs or kings of the district almost uniformly were presented with the *eyes* for a similar horrid purpose.

From these sacrifices, and the circumstances attending them, it has been conjectured that there were few places in the South Seas where the inhabitants did not at one time banquet habitually on the bodies of sacrificial victims, and enemies slain in war. In the case, at least, of the latter variety of cannibalism, superstitious feelings had a strong effect in originating and maintaining the abominable custom. "The New Zealanders ate the bodies of their enemies," says Mr Ellis, "that they might imbibe their courage and other qualities. Hence they exulted in their banquet on a celebrated warrior, supposing that, when they had devoured his flesh, they should be imbued with his valiant and daring spirit." But on this subject it would be improper to enlarge here, for cannibalism, generally speaking, is less to be regarded as the fruit of superstition, than as the result simply of a deplorably low state of intellectual and moral cultivation. In many of those isles where the condition of the people still remains as here described, cannibalism is yet prevalent, and particularly in seasons of scarcity. Mr Bourne, speaking of a visit made so late as 1825 to the South Seas, says, that members of the same family are not safe from one another's knives in the Marquesas and Harvey isles in times of famine.

Besides their more prominent idolatries, the Polynesians have long been under the influence of all the minor ramifications of superstition.† Possession by spirits was a thing of common belief among the Polynesians, and the number of familiar demons was accounted very great. Sorcery and witchcraft were extensively practised, being considered as the province of the *Oramatuas*, a distinct class of inferior supernatural beings. The *Oramatuas* were held as irritable and malignant to the last degree; and of course the pacification of them, by tricks and incantations, constituted in part the profession of the mortal witches or wizards, who were variously named and classified according to the nature of the rites practised by them. These demons were also often invoked for the purposes of private vengeance; and the influence of imagination on the victims rendered this mode of revenge too frequently an effective one. An invocation to the *Oramatuas* to gain his aid against a foe, was usually commenced by a solemn curse or imprecation, and then followed various rites, performed by the *tahutahu*, or sorcerer. "Prayers, offerings, and the accustomed mysteries, however numerous, were not sufficient for this purpose. It was necessary to secure something connected with the body of the object of vengeance. The parings of the nails, a lock of the hair, the saliva from the mouth, or other secretions from the body, or else a portion of the food which the person was to eat. This was considered as the vehicle by which the demon entered the person, who afterwards became possessed. It was called the *tubu*, growing, or causing to grow. When procured, the *tara* was performed; the sorcerer took the hair, saliva, or other substance that had belonged to his victim, to his house or marae, performed his incantations over it, and offered his prayers; the demon was then supposed to enter the tubu, and through it the individual, who suffered from the enchantment. If it was a portion of food, similar ceremonies were observed, and the piece of bread-fruit, fish, &c., supposed by this process to be impregnated by the demon, was placed in the basket of the person for whom it was designed; and, if eaten, inevitable destruction followed.

The use of the portable spittoon by the Sandwich Island chiefs, in which the saliva was carefully deposited, carried by a confidential servant, and buried every morning, and the custom of the Tahitians in scrupulously burning or burying the hair when cut off, and also furnishing to each individual his distinct basket for food, originated in their dread of sorcery by any of these means. When the tara had been performed, and the tubu secured, the effects were violent, and death speedy. The most acute agonies and terrific distortions of the body were often experienced; the wretched sufferer appeared in a state of frantic madness, or, as they expressed it, torn by the evil spirit, while he foamed and writhed under his dreadful power.

On one occasion Mr Nott sent two native boys, who were his servants, from Eimeo to Tahiti for *taro*, or arum-roots. The man under whose care it was growing was a sorcerer; he was from home, I believe—but the boys, according to the directions they had received, went to the field, and procured the roots for which they had been sent. Before they had departed, the person who had charge of the field returned, and was so enraged, that he pronounced the most dreadful imprecations upon one, if not both of them, threatening them with the *pifao*. The boys returned to Eimeo, but apparently took no notice of the threatening. One of them was shortly afterwards taken ill; and the imprecation of the sorcerer being made known to his friends, it was immediately concluded that he was possessed by the evil spirit. Alarming symptoms rapidly increased, and some of the missionaries went to see him in this state. On entering the place where he lay, a most appalling spectacle was presented. The youth was lying on the ground writhing in anguish, foaming at the mouth, his eyes apparently ready to start from his head, his countenance exhibiting every form of terrific distortion and pain, his limbs agitated with the most violent and involuntary convulsions. The friends of the boy were standing round, filled with horror at what they considered the effects of the malignant demon; and the sufferer shortly afterwards expired in dreadful agonies. In general, the effects of incantations were more gradual in their progress, and less sudden, though equally fatal in their termination."*

It is more than probable that, in such cases as the above, the sorcerers added actual poison to their other means of action, wherever they found it possible to do so. But we know well that the imagination is even potent enough of itself to produce all the phenomena witnessed. By the imagination, also, a cure is usually effected, a stronger demon being called upon to expel the one cast in by the enemy. But whole families have often sunk under the influence of sorcery, aided in many cases, as hinted, by poisons, of which the natives have some strong ones of a vegetable kind. One converted sorcerer admitted to a missionary that he often secured the effect of his incantations by these drugs.

Oracles were of universal existence in the Polynesian islands, and the priests every where practised divination both in a public and private manner. Oro, one of the greatest national idols, was the supposed respondent in most cases, when a public oracular consultation took place under the management of the priests; and Opoa, the birth-place assigned to Oro, formed the Polynesian Delphos. "No event of importance," says the author (Mr Ellis) whom we have already quoted, and who gives a far more comprehensive account of Polynesian superstitions than any other voyager or writer, "was determined, nor any enterprise of hazard or consequence undertaken, without in the first instance inquiring of the gods its result. The priest was directed, as they expressed it, to spread the matter before the idol, and to wait the intimation of his will, or the prediction of its consequences. The priest, who was called *taura*, or *tairoiro*, repaired to the temple, presented the offerings, and proposed the inquiry, while the parties by whom he was employed anxiously waited his report.

In the Sandwich Islands, the king, personating the god, uttered the responses of the oracle from his concealment in a frame of wicker-work. In the southern islands, the priest usually addressed the image, into which it was imagined the god entered when any one came to inquire his will. Sometimes the priest slept all night near the idol, expecting his communication in a dream; at other times it was given in the cry of a bird, whose resort was in the precincts of his temple; in the sighing of the breeze among the entwining branches of the tall and slender trees around the temple; or in the shrill, squeaking articulations of some of the priests. When the priest returned to those by whom he had been employed, if an unfavourable answer had been given, the project was at once abandoned, however favourable other circumstances might appear. If the answer was propitious, arrangements were forthwith made for its prosecution; but if no answer had been given, no further steps were then taken; it was considered to be restrained by the idol, and was left in abeyance with him.

Appearing to the priest in a dream of the night, though a frequent, was neither the only nor the principal mode by which the god intimated his will. He frequently entered the priest, who, inflated as it were with the divinity, ceased to act or speak as a voluntary agent, but moved and spoke as entirely under supernatural influence. In this respect there was a striking resemblance between the rude oracles of the Polynesians and those of the celebrated nations of ancient Greece.

As soon as the god was supposed to have entered the priest, the latter became violently agitated, and worked himself up to the highest pitch of apparent frenzy—the muscles of the limbs seemed convulsed, the body swelled, the countenance became terrific, the features distorted, and the eyes wild and strained. In this state he often rolled on the earth, foaming at the mouth, as if labouring under the influence of the divinity by whom he was possessed, and in shrill cries, and violent and often indistinct sounds, revealed the will of the god. The priests who were attending, and versed in the mysteries, received and reported to the people the declarations which had been thus received.

When the priest had uttered the response of the oracle, the violent paroxysm gradually subsided, and comparative composure ensued. The god did not, however, always leave him as soon as the communication had been made. Sometimes the same *taura*, or priest, continued for two or three days possessed by the spirit or deity; a piece of peculiar native cloth, worn round one arm, was an indication of inspiration, or of the indwelling of the god in the individual who wore it. The acts of the man during this period were considered as those of the god, and hence the greatest attention was paid to his expressions and the whole of his deportment."

The priests of the South Seas could scarcely borrow their forms of divination from the Delphian Pythonesses or the Augurs of Rome, and yet how perfectly the rituals accord in many respects! The convulsions of the Polynesian oracle-expounder seem to have been precisely similar to those exhibited by the successive occupants of the tripod at Delphos; and the flight and cry of birds were watched at Rome just as in Tahiti, and for the same rational ends. That nations so very differently situated as regarded civilisation, should have presented a resemblance of customs so close in this particular respect, appears at first sight somewhat strange; yet it only yields additional confirmation of the fact, that the superstitious delusions of mankind have been much the same in all ages, and have ever been taken advantage of by the designing in much the same way.

"Although (Mr Ellis continues) so much ceremony and such extraordinary effects attended the public or formal intercourse between the god and the people, through the medium of the priest, the communications between the priest and the god were sometimes of an opposite character, and ludicrously colloquial. Mr Davies, when itinerating round the island of Eimeo, in the early part of his missionary labour in that island, arrived at a village near Tiatae-pua, where he endeavoured to purchase provisions from the inhabitants. Vegetables were procured with facility, but the only animals were a number of fowls, and these belonged to the priest of the adjacent temple. Application was made to this individual, who looked at the articles (scissors, looking-glasses, &c.) offered in exchange, and seemed desirous to barter his fowls for them, but he said they belonged to the god, having been presented as offerings, and that, without his leave, he dare not part with any.

Again he examined the articles, and then said he would go and ask if the god was willing to part with any of the fowls. He proceeded to the temple, whither he was followed by Mr Davies, who heard his address to the object of hope and fear, in words to the following effect:—'Oh my atua, or god, here is some good property, knives, scissors, looking-glasses, &c., *e hoo paka vau na moa na tasa*; perhaps I may sell some of the fowls belonging to us two for it. It will be good property for you and me.' After waiting a few moments, he pretended to receive an answer in the affirmative, and returned, stating that the god had consented to the appropriation. The sacred fowls were accordingly hunted by a number of boys and dogs,

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* It remains to be proved that this increase of the number of regular recipients of charity is the indication of any increase of poverty, or even of the disposition to receive public bounty. It may be that only bounty is now given to those from whom it was formerly withheld. The writer, in a passage which we omit for want of room, attributes the real or apparent increase to the advance of the large farm system.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

† The laceration of the bodies of the living in honour of the dead, was almost universal in the South Seas. The custom of cutting off the hair of the dead was also common. Moses appears to advert to somewhat similar practices, when he says to the Jews, "Ye shall not cut yourselves, nor make any baldness between your eyes for the dead."

* Ellis's Polynesian Researches, vol. ii.

and several secured, and sold for the above-mentioned articles."

Various other methods of divination were resorted to by the Polynesians for the discovery of thefts, the settlement of private quarrels, and such-like minor matters. When fowls or other victims were sacrificed at the altars, the manner of their decease was watched, and, by the motions which they made, the will of the deity sacrificed to was held to be indicated. This, again, is a Roman custom. It was common also for Polynesian diviners to pretend, by the cutting and examining of cocoa-nuts, to give directions for the conduct of any affair under consideration. Sometimes, too, similar information was supposed to be derived from the sailing or sinking of divided cocoa-nuts at sea. Perhaps, however, the most curious form of familiar divination was one employed in cases of theft. The priest went to the house of the party robbed, and dug a hole in the centre of the floor, which he caused to be filled with water. He then took a young plantain in his hand, stood over the hole, and offered prayers to his patron god or demon; when, if the supernatural powers were propitious, they conducted the thief in spirit to the place, and held him over the water, that the priest might recognise him. The priest took care to be well assured of his man ere he charged him in this way; for the accused had little chance of escaping, unless he could clearly exculpate himself. If he could do so, the priest and his patron of course sank greatly in the general esteem. To this mode of divination a parallel is partly found in modern Egyptian magic. The greater part of our readers will remember that the conjurors there pretend to call up faces at will, in a liquid held in the palm of the hand; and, of course, fail in doing so when deprived of means for trick and confederacy.

Happily, the oracle now chiefly consulted in the isles of Polynesia is the sacred volume. If we should rejoice at such a change taking place in one quarter more than in another, it is where the prevalent superstitions have been of a cast so dark, and so deeply implicating human life and welfare, as these brief sketches have shown them to be in the islands of the Pacific.

FUDGE.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MILITARY AND HEROIC FUDGE.

"My brave fellow-soldiers—We are now on the eve of encountering the enemy. See, there he stands in hostile array against you. He thinks to terrify you by his formidable appearance. But you regard him with a steady, a fearless eye. Soldiers! the world rings with the fame of your deeds. Your glory is imperishable; it will live for ever. Regardless of wounds and death, you have ever been foremost where honour was to be won. Recollect, then, your ancient fame, and let your deeds this day show that you are still the same brave men who have so often chased your enemies from the field; the same brave men who have ever looked on death as a thing unworthy a moment's consideration—on dishonour as the greatest of all evils. Band of heroes, advance! On, on to victory, death, wounds, glory, honour, and immortality!" "Hurra, hurra! Field-marshal Fudge for ever!—lead us on, field-marshal, lead us on!" "Lead ye on, my brave fellows! Would to Heaven my duties would permit me that enviable honour! But it would be too much for one so unworthy. Alas! I dare not. My duties call me to another part of the field. I obey the call with reluctance. But my confidence in your courage, my brave fellows, enables me to trust you to advance yourselves. On, then, on, my band of heroes, and fear nothing!" The field-marshal raises his hat gracefully, bows politely to his "band of heroes," and rides off to a height at a safe distance, from which he views the battle comfortably through his telescope.

LITERARY FUDGE—THE AUTHORS.

In putting this work into the hands of the public, the author has not been influenced by any of those motives that usually urge writers to publication. Neither vanity, nor the desire of gaining what is called a name, has had the slightest share in inducing him to take this step; still less has he been influenced by sordid love of gain; he looks for neither praise nor profit. His sole motive for writing and publishing his book has been to promote the general good by contributing his mite to the stock of general information. The author is but too well aware that the merits of his work—if, indeed, it have any at all—are of a very humble order; that it has, in short, many defects; but a liberal, discerning, and indulgent public will make every allowance for one who makes no pretension to literary excellence. The author may add, that part of the blame of his now obtruding himself on the public, rests on the urgent entreaties of some, perhaps, too partial friends.

CRITICAL FUDGE.

A more delightful work than this—a work more rich and racy, more brilliant in style, or more graphic in delineation—it has rarely been our good fortune to meet with. Every page bears stamp of a master-mind; every sentence the impress of genius. What a flow of ideas! What an outpouring of eloquence! What a knowledge of the human heart, with all its nicer intricacies! What an intimacy with the springs of human action! What a mastery over the human passions! Ay! this is indeed the triumph of genius. The author of this exquisite production writes with the pen of a Junius, and thinks with the intellect of a Bacon or a Locke. His language is forcible and epigrammatic, his reasoning clear and profound; yet can nothing be more racy than his pleasantry when he condescends to be playful, nothing more delicately cutting than his irony when he chooses to be satirical, nothing more striking or impressive than his ratiocination when he prefers being philosophical.

We confidently predict a wide and lasting popularity for this extraordinary production. Indeed, if we are not greatly mistaken, it will create quite a sensation in the literary circles of Europe.

PATRIOTIC FUDGE.

"My country, oh, my country! it is for thee, for thee alone, I live; and for thee, my country, will I at any time cheerfully die. (Who's that calling out fudge?) Nearest my heart is the wish for thy welfare. To see thee happy is the one only desire of my soul, and that thou mayest be so is my constant prayer. Night and day dost thou engross my thoughts, and all, all would I sacrifice to thy welfare! My private interests are as dust in the balance. (Who's that again calling out fudge? turn him out, turn him out.) My private interests are as dust in the balance; and shame, shame, oh! eternal shame to the sordid wretch, unworthy to live, who should for a moment prefer his individual aggrandisement to his country's good. Perish his name, perish the name of the miserable miscreant! Wealth! what is wealth to me, my country, compared to thy happiness! Station! what is station, unless thou, too, art advanced! Power! what is power, unless the power of doing thee good! Oh, my country! my country, oh!" ("Oh! oh! oh!" from various parts of the house.) The patriot sits down, wiping his patriotic nose with a white handkerchief, amidst thunders of applause.

THE SWALLOW.

[BY T. AIRD.]

The swallow is a bonnie bird, comes twittering o'er the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be:
She shares not with us wintry glooms, but yet, no faithless thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth, with little wearied wing.

The lambs like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills,
The gladsome voice of gushing streams the leafy forest fills;
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,
Because thou com'st when nature bids bright days be thy reward.

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey dew,
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you;
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home.
What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till the dayspring come.

The river blue that rushes through the valley, hears thee sing;
It murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light dipping wing:
The thunder-cloud, above us bow'd, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved, it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent power that brought thee back with leading strings of love,
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

Oh, all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,
And gives to thee, o'er land and sea, the sunshine of His sky;
And aye our summer shall come round, because it is His word;
And aye we'll welcome back again its little travelling bird.

—*From a Collection of Pieces.*

JOKES FROM THE LAIRD OF LOGAN.

AN ABERDEEN WONDER.

JOHN Bervie, an honest, industrious man, who lived in a landward parish not far from the "auld toon o' Aberdeen," had, by dint of industry and frugality, so far succeeded in his wishes as to give his only son a tolerably good education; and the young man, after being fully qualified, set off for London, where he soon got into a comfortable situation. After being properly settled, he, like a wise and grateful son, remitted to his father from time to time small sums of money, as he could spare them from his salary. On one occasion, he sent by the hand of a friend a guinea to his worthy father, who kept it like the apple of his eye, and would by no means part with it, however hard he might be pressed. At this time gold was a great rarity in the "north countrie," and it was the custom of honest John to take his guinea to church with him every Sabbath day, and show it to his astonished neighbours as a "wonderfu' wonder;" for which sight he was sure always to charge a penny from each individual who wished to see the "gowd guinea." But evil times came, and poor John was under the dire necessity of parting with his darling guinea. Sabbath came round, and John appeared in the church-yard as usual, but not in his wonted mood, for, alas! the precious coin was gone, and John felt as one bereaved of a friend who had long been dear to him. His neighbours flocked around him, as was their wont, wishing another sight of the guinea, but John told them, with a sorrowful heart, and as sorrowful a countenance, that "he couldna let them see't ony mair, for he had been obligated to part wi't at last, and a sair partin' it was to him." His acquaintances, grieved and disappointed, both on account of John's hardship, and of not having their own curiosity gratified, began to disperse, when John bethought him of a plan by which he might partly satisfy them, and likewise put a few pence into his pocket. "Come a' back, lads," cried John, "come a' back, fat are ye a' gaen awa' for? gin I canna let you see the guinea itsel' for a penny, I'll let ye see the cloutie it was rowed in for a bawbee."

CROSS-QUESTIONING.

The Rev. Mr L., of E., in going the rounds of his parish, accompanied by the elder of the district, called on a kind of half-conscientious Sawney, who, when asked if he kept worship in his family morning and evening, equivocated thus: "Ye see, sir, I'm often awa' frae hame—I maun be aff in the morning before the weans are out o' their bed, and when I come hame at night, they're a' skepit again—and I maun say, sir, deed maun I, that its maistly on Sundays." "But, John, you must surely be sometimes present with your family both ends of the day, and I hope on those occasions you do not omit the performance of this duty?" John, who could not afford to tell a lie, although he could omit the duty, still waived the question. "Ay, it's a' true, very true, sir, but really ye see, sir, as I was saying afore—I maun say—its maistly on Sundays." The next person visited was an Irishman, who did or did not every thing, positive and negative, as he thought might please his reverence. "Do you read portions of Scripture morning and evening to your family?" "Yes, sir." "Do you inquire whether they understand what you have read to them?" "Yes, sir." "And you never omit family worship morning or night?" "Never, sir." This was all beautiful to Mr L., but the elder knew the world rather better, and, after leaving the house, he remarked, "Weel, sir, if ye dinna see ony difference between thae twa men that ye hae visited, I do. The first canna tell ye a lie, though he would let ye gang awa' believing ane: the ither is every thing, according to himsel', that ye could wish; now, to my certain knowledge, the Bible and he seldom shake hands thegither, though he says otherwise to you. I wouldna speer owre mony questions; just caution them weel."

CHURCH-GOING.

An old man, who had walked every Sunday for many years from Newhaven to Edinburgh, to attend the late Dr Jones's church, was complimented by that venerable clergyman for the length and regularity of his appearance in church. The old man unconsciously evinced how little he deserved the compliment, by this reply: "Deed, sir, it's very true; but aboon a', I like to hear the sugh and jingling o' the bells, and see a' the braw folk."

A TASTEFUL TRANSLATION.

During the reform mania, a person in a news-room at Beith read aloud, for the general benefit, an article in which the value of the franchise was strongly and repeatedly insisted on. This word he pronounced fransheese, which one of the quidnuncs, who was ignorant of the term, mistook for French cheese. His national pride being offended by the supposed preference given to the foreign commodity, he exclaimed, "They hae a puir taste, that say sae muckle about fushionless French cheese; I wadna gie ane o' our ain Dunlap kebbucks for a hail cart-load o' them."

A CONVENIENT SYNONYME.

A native of the county of Fife, while on a visit to a friend in London, who was one of the directors of the Cutlers' Company, was requested to accompany his friend to the annual dinner given by the members to the president and directors. After the list of toasts was exhausted, and the set of songs of the evening performed, the draft was made on the guests for volunteers, and the man from Torryburn had to exhibit in turn. "Clean pease strae" was the selection made by him; and after the concluding lines of the chorus—

Though ye should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae—

the chairman, apprehending the term cuddle to be the Scotch synonyme for cuttle, "returned thanks to his friend from the north for the excellent song that he had composed, and sung so admirably in honour of the Cutlers' Company!"

THE DEAD DEFUNCT.

A learned weaver, in stating his case before the provost of a certain western burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly described him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed, "What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct?—canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himsel'." "The defunct's dead, my lord," replied the weaver. "Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the sapient provost.

A CONSULTATION.

The late Lord Auchinleck had several times sunk a shaft, with the expectation of getting coal on his own domains, but in every case had been disappointed; he at last invited the most experienced of his tenantry to meet together on his grounds, to give their respective opinions. The parties met, and proceeded to inspect the places which were most likely to contain the black diamond, when Will Speir also made his appearance, and offered his counsel to his lordship. Tapping Lord Auchinleck on the shoulder, Will began by saying, "May a daft body hae a word o' ye, my lord?" "By all means, Will." "Weel, my lord, you're gaun down for coal, are ye?" "Yes, Will, I mean to try again, for as often as I have been disappointed." "I was just gaun to say, my lord, sin' you're set on gaun down again, do't in Aird's Moss east by there—gin ye shouldna get coals, ye'll get plenty o' gude peats at ony rate!"

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